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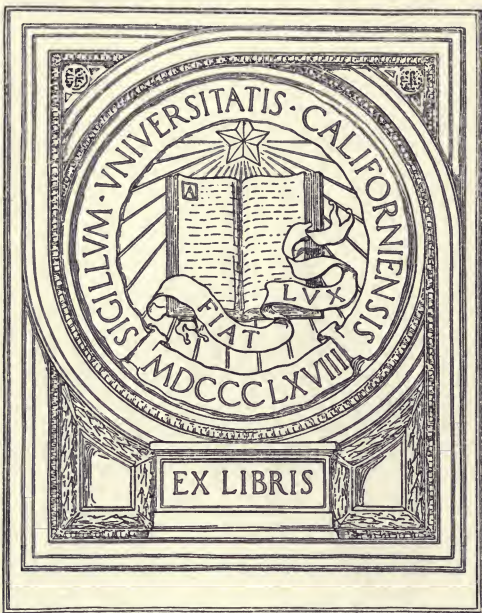
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

The Great Trail

AN INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

MARIE E. J. HOBART

The Great Trail

AN INDIAN MYSTERY PLAY

BY
MARIE E. J. HOBART

*Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.*

The
Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
New York
1913

THE
SAINT AGNES MYSTERY PLAYS

LADY CATECHISM AND THE CHILD.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS AND THE BOOK BELOVED.

THE VISION OF ST. AGNES' EVE.

ATHANASIUS.

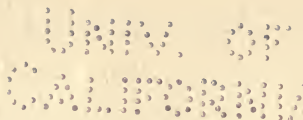
THE GREAT TRAIL.

Dedicated to
Frances and Elizabeth Manning

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PROLOGUE

*(Used, when first presented, in Trinity Parish,
New York)*

Music—"O Zion, blest City," from Hiles' "Crusaders."

*Enter, in procession, TRINITY CHURCH,
followed by the CHAPELS OF TRINITY
PARISH. They take their places before
the curtain.*

TRINITY CHURCH (*speaking with gracious dignity*).

Good Christian people who have come to see
Our Mystery, we greet you fair, and bid
You welcome with full love and fervent wish
To profit you by that we have to show.
More than two hundred years have passed since first
I came and took my seat by that rude wall
Which your forefathers built to shelter them
From the swift arrows of the Indians.
How are times changed since then! Your race now
rules
The land where erst the red men roamed. The
woods
And pastures of this isle are passed beyond

Prologue

Remembrance. Traffic's brazen roar has drowned
Those songs of praise which nature sang to God
When first I came. Great men have come and gone,
Manners and modes and schools of thought have
passed.

One thing abides and with me stands unchanged,
The Faith that once and for all time was given.
That Faith I brought you from the motherland
When I was sent to mother you with love.
And so, good people who have come to see
Our Mystery, think not to hear or see
A garish novelty. With such we keep
Not pace. Yet fear not that we'll weary you
With matter worn or faded. Truth though old
Is yet divinely young and full of sap;
All its fresh springs are found in God, the God
Not of the dead but of the living soul.
So, gentle pilgrims to the heavenly land,
I bid you bring your hearts attuned to catch
Our melody, while we with simple art
Essay to make you see and love this one
And only way—this trail for sinful man
The heights to win if so he would attain
To that high place where our ascended Lord
Hath led the way and whence he calls to us
Through his own Church, bidding us climb to Him.

TRINITY CHURCH *and the CHAPELS pass
out in the order of their entrance.*

THE GREAT TRAIL

PART I.

WHERE?

In the Forest Primeval

WHEN?

In the Fulness of Time

WHO WERE THEY?

TOWERING-PINE, *an Indian Chief.*

RED-WOLF, called FIRST-IN-THE-RACE, *his young Son.*

BRAVE-BEAR, *another Indian boy.*

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT, called UNCHEEDA (*grand-mother*), *an old Squaw.*

GENTLE-FLOWER, *a Captive.*

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, *an Inspiration.*

THE MOTHER OF US ALL, *Ecclesia Docens.*

A forest glade at sunrise. RED-WOLF standing in a dejected attitude, and looking wistfully at a rude cross that is fastened to a tree. He looks up the glade, shading his eyes with his hand.

RED-WOLF. The sun rises and puts an end to another sleepless night, but it cannot dispel the shad-

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ows that lie on my sad heart. (*With a restless motion as if in pain.*) Oh, I am so young and strong, the earth is so beautiful and I have such a fierce hunger for happiness! Must I always suffer as I do? Can nothing undo—(*he looks about him furtively, then turns his eyes again to the cross*). She said that it meant love, but love could never be for me.

Enter BRAVE-BEAR. He has a bow and a quiver of arrows in his belt.

BRAVE-BEAR. Ho, First-in-the-race, what are you doing?

RED-WOLF. Nothing, as you might see for yourself, but look, the sun is rising and Gentle-flower will be coming to her own quiet place; we must leave it to her.

BRAVE-BEAR (*pointing to the cross*). Do you know what that is?

RED-WOLF. I only know that she loves it, and that she finds peace when she comes to it.

BRAVE-BEAR. Does she worship it?

RED-WOLF. I asked her that, and she said no. She said that it is the symbol of the white man's religion, and that it means love, but I do not understand.

BRAVE-BEAR. Well, then, there is no use staring at it. Come, First-in-the-race, get your bow and we will find some squirrels for breakfast.

RED-WOLF (*angrily*). Have I not told you that I will be called Red-wolf and by no other name?

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BRAVE-BEAR (*sullenly*). First-in-the-race is your true name whether you will or no. Did not the Medicine Man give it to you when you won——

RED-WOLF. Be silent ! I hate the name, and I hate every thought of the race! (*Lowering his voice.*) See, there comes Gentle-flower, go find your squirrels, I will wait for another time.

Exit RED-WOLF to right.

BRAVE-BEAR (*looking after him*). Uncheeda is right, you are bewitched, Red-wolf. You have lost your appetite and your cheerfulness. Soon you will lose your courage, and then you may go and draw water and chop wood with the squaws, for you are not fit to be with men. If Brave-bear had won the race, he would fly for very happiness!

Exit BRAVE-BEAR to left.

Enter GENTLE-FLOWER. She kneels down before the cross, and bows her head in her clasped hands. After a brief silence,

GENTLE-FLOWER. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen. (*She rises and remains for a few moments in an attitude of deep contemplation, then draws from her bodice or belt a little notched stick and looks at it.*) Yes, it is Sunday again, the seventh after Trinity, I think, (*cuts another notch and replaces the stick in her belt*). It grows harder to remember. I am so far away from Holy Church, so utterly alone. It

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sometimes seems as if God had forgotten me. Yet it comforts me to remember that Mother Church is ever praying "That it may please Thee to have mercy on all prisoners and captives." How little I dreamed in those happy days that I should ever be a captive! When I think of all the happy people who have their Bibles and Prayer-Books, and I— If I had but just a leaf to see the dear familiar word, familiar but some have grown very faint. Far away, beyond these forests and beyond the mountains and rivers, there are church bells ringing to-day, and the big doors are wide open, and happy people are pouring into them, and yes, there are madly foolish ones who pass by the open door or bide at home, and I— (*with intense longing*) Oh, what would I not give to creep in and kneel in the very back of the church and drink of the water of life, drink, drink till I was satisfied! Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul! I always loved that psalm. (*She pauses, walking to and fro, then stops and looks up through the trees.*) Dear Lord, remember me in mercy! I feel as if Thou wert so far away. The things that once I knew about Thee seem slipping from my memory. These Indians are very kind to me, but they do not know Thee. Oh, leave me not alone, I cry to Thee.

Enter SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Hail, little Christian!

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GENTLE-FLOWER (*with a movement of surprise*). I did not see thee, sweet lady. Thou didst almost frighten me.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. How long hast thou dwelt in captivity among the Indians, thou sad little Christian?

GENTLE-FLOWER. It is more than three years since wandering in the fields at eventide I was seized by a roving band and carried far from my dear home.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Three years! And yet thou art the only Christian here?

GENTLE-FLOWER. Thy grave look seems to reprove me. Who art thou, and how have I offended thee?

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Thine offense is not against *me*. I am but a voice, the voice that is ever crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." I have a message for thee in which is enfolded the answer to thy prayer.

GENTLE-FLOWER (*with awe*). From whom is the message?

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS (*reverently*). From the Head of the Church.

GENTLE-FLOWER (*kneeling*). Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Thy tears and thy prayers have come up for a memorial before God. The Lord Jesus knoweth thy faith and love and thy steadfastness, yet hath He this against thee. Thou

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hast never told what great things the Lord hath done for thee. Thou hast freely received, but thou hast not freely given.

GENTLE-FLOWER. I do repent and am heartily sorry. Tell me, I pray thee, how I may now amend and do the bidding of my Lord.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. By remembering the words of the Lord Jesus how he said, "Ye are the salt of the earth!" "Ye are the light of the world." By letting thy light so shine before men that these people among whom the Lord hath sent thee to dwell may glorify thy Father which is in Heaven.

GENTLE-FLOWER. By God's grace so I will.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS (*Laying her hand in blessing on GENTLE-FLOWER'S head*). Arise, little Christian, shine, little Christian, for now thy light has come.

Exit SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

GENTLE-FLOWER *remains on her knees for a few moments, then rises and going quickly to the tree which has been her oratory, removes from it the rude cross, and turning holds it up. As she does so RED-WOLF enters.*

RED-WOLF (*with deep interest*). What are you doing, Gentle-flower?

GENTLE-FLOWER. I have been keeping this beautiful and glorious thing for myself. Now I am taking it to others.

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RED-WOLF. Will you indeed share your treasure with others?

GENTLE-FLOWER. *My treasure?* Ah, First-in-the-race, it is indeed my treasure, but it is not mine alone, it is for you and for Towering-pine and for Crying-in-the-night, and for all the Tribe, and for all the World!

RED-WOLF. You said that it meant love?

GENTLE-FLOWER (*exultingly*). It does mean love, the love of the Great Spirit for me and for you— (*checking herself, then, with concern*). Why, Red-wolf, you have a burden on your back, I did not notice it before, is that what makes you stoop and walk so wearily?

RED-WOLF (*eagerly*). Oh, Gentle-flower, I have so often wanted to tell you and see if you could not help me. I have done something very cowardly and disloyal, something unworthy of an Indian boy, and ever since I suffer so. From the rising of the morning until the evening stars appear, nay, even through the long hours of the night, I suffer so.

GENTLE-FLOWER (*with tender sympathy*). That is sin, Red-wolf, the burden of sin. But this (*indicating the cross*) can help you. It is the love of God that takes away sin and makes us clean.

RED-WOLF (*hungrily*). How do you know that it can?

GENTLE-FLOWER. Because it has done so for me.

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RED-WOLF (*surprised and protesting*). For you! Surely, Gentle-flower, you have no sin!

GENTLE-FLOWER. Indeed, I have. I am only beginning to understand how grievously selfish and cruel I have been in hiding the light of love from those who so greatly need it. But by the heavenly grace of my Lord I will now and forevermore hold it up as faithfully as I can. We have all sinned, Red-wolf, and we may all be delivered from our sin and made clean and glad and free.

RED-WOLF (*pleadingly*). Can you show me how?

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT *enters unperceived*
by RED-WOLF and GENTLE-FLOWER.

GENTLE-FLOWER. If Mother Church were only here! Still, I can tell you the story of the cross and you will see that by it alone all our wounds are healed, our sorrows comforted——

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT (*comes forward and points to the cross*). Your Mystery may comfort the sorrows of sixteen summers, but it would not do much for the deep wounds of old Crying-in-the night.

*She throws down her load of wood and
leans her axe against a tree.*

GENTLE-FLOWER. You are mistaken, Crying-in-the-night, the cross has a balm for you, a very special balm. I have not thought enough of

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your sorrows. I have known them so long that I had grown used to them. Your children, is it not?

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT (*in a dull, monotonous tone*). Yes, my brave boy, my pretty, gentle little girls. How could any one else know what they were to me? Swift-wing and Laughing-moon perished with the fever in the long drought. My boy—the whirl-pool, he ventured too near, and his canoe was sucked in, and I am Crying-in-the-night and there is no more joy for me.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Uncheeda, this (*holding up the cross*) means victory, love's victory over Death.

Enter TOWERING-PINE, unperceived.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT (*bitterly*). What victory is there over death? He is the Black Chief, he conquers all.

GENTLE-FLOWER. No, Uncheeda, death was conquered by a greater than he and the Conqueror is the Saviour of men. Your little children are not dead. They are safe and happy and waiting for you, Uncheeda, in a beautiful place we call Paradise. Death could not hold them because our Lord in the might of His holy love Himself went down into the grave and conquered death.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT (*sadly*). I do not understand you. Did I not see their breath leave them and pass out into the air? Did I not feel them cold against my bosom?

GENTLE-FLOWER. Oh, if Mother Church were

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only here! You could understand her sweet way of telling about life eternal.

TOWERING-PINE *has been listening and now comes forward.*

TOWERING-PINE. Peace, Uncheeda, it is the weakness of a woman to mourn for what is past and gone. Men know that they must clench their teeth and push on without a sob or moan. But—where to journey, what path to take, this is the only question that matters. (*Pauses and draws a long whiff from his pipe.*) Once hunting too late in the autumn I was caught in a snowstorm and nearly perished because the white blanket covered up the trail. To lose the trail is a terrible thing. But who has ever found the Great Trail, the way of life in which all men should walk? I know there is a trail which no one has yet found. I know it because I feel it here (*laying his hand on his breast*) with a pain like a great longing, with a thrill like a great hope. In the stillness of night, alone upon the mountains, I have searched for the Great Mystery. The stars are silent, the awful winds of heaven sing songs I cannot understand. All nature seems to know, but man does not know and there is no one to tell him. The silence of the ages is the white blanket that covers his trail.

GENTLE-FLOWER. How is a trail made, Towering-pine?

TOWERING-PINE. A seven-year boy knows that,

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little pale-face. It is made by the footsteps of those who have gone before.

RED-WOLF. Then, my father, would it not be wisdom to follow in the footsteps of the mighty chiefs and heroes of our race? Would not the path they have blazed be the Great Trail?

TOWERING-PINE. It is the best we know of, and I have followed it all my life, and —I am unsatisfied. When I awake before dawn and my thought is clear I know that life is more than hunting and fighting, and eating and sleeping, and holding councils and playing games. There is something that we do not know, but we cannot find the trail.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Towering-pine, my holy religion shows us the Great Trail.

TOWERING-PINE (*incredulous*). And where is it, then?

GENTLE-FLOWER. It was made for us by the footsteps of our Lord.

TOWERING-PINE. Your Lord? Is he a man?

GENTLE-FLOWER. Yes, He is man. He became man to make the trail for us, but he is also God, the Great Spirit.

TOWERING-PINE (*with deep interest*). Your words are very wonderful, Gentle-flower (*he goes to her and looks earnestly in her face*). There is truth in your clear, deep eyes. Tell us more, tell us all you know.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Alas, I am only a child. I have been away from Holy Church so long. Oh,

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if she were only here! She could answer all these questions and satisfy all your needs.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT. Each time you come back to that, little one, who is this Holy Church who has food for the hunger of all hearts?

GENTLE-FLOWER. She is the Mother of us all. I know her well, for I was placed in her arms as soon as I was born. The first thing that I can remember is her sweet smile and tender voice.

TOWERING-PINE. And what has this one to do with the one you call your Lord?

GENTLE-FLOWER. She is His minister on earth, the instrument by which He touches us and works upon us. We cannot see Him now because He is not discerned with such eyes as we have, but we can see Mother Church. We can hear her voice, we can feel her hands when she lays them on our heads, and our Lord is always with her, His Spirit dwelling in her, so that what she does, He does, and what she teaches is indeed His teaching.

TOWERING-PINE. That would mean much to us if she were here.

RED-WOLF. Oh, Gentle-flower, can you not think how we might try to find her?

GENTLE-FLOWER *thinks earnestly, then, with sudden inspiration.*

GENTLE-FLOWER. Yes, there is a way. Our Lord said: "If ye shall ask anything in my name,

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I will do it." But we must ask in faith, we must believe. (*Imploringly.*) Do you all believe?

There is a brief silence, during which the Indians are thinking deeply.

RED-WOLF. I believe.

TOWERING-PINE. I believe.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT. I believe. (*Looks up into the sky and stretches out her arms.*) Great Spirit, help my unbelief!

GENTLE-FLOWER. Thank God! Now we have only to lift up our hearts and speak to Him and He will hear.

RED-WOLF (*with awe*). What shall we say?

GENTLE-FLOWER. I can help you, for now I know the desire of your hearts. Red-wolf, you first. (*She folds her hands and bows her head, and RED-WOLF does the same.*) O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world,

RED-WOLF. O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world,

GENTLE-FLOWER. Have mercy upon us!

RED-WOLF. Have mercy upon us!

GENTLE-FLOWER. Now, Crying-in-the-night. (*CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT draws near and bows her head.*) With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT. With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Now, Towering-pine, make

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your petition. Send forth thy light and thy truth to lead us and to guide us unto thy holy hill.

TOWERING-PINE. Send forth thy light and thy truth to lead us and to guide us unto thy holy hill.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Now let us all pray together. (*The Indians bow their heads.*) O Lord, hear our prayer!

THE INDIANS. O Lord, hear our prayer.

GENTLE-FLOWER. And let our cry come unto Thee.

THE INDIANS. And let our cry come unto Thee.

While they are still in the attitude of prayer, music is heard and then voices singing.

I saw the Holy City
The new Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;

(*Enter MOTHER CHURCH. The singing continues.*)

The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street

(*GENTLE-FLOWER and the Indians kneel to welcome her.*)

And nations brought their honours there
And laid them at her feet. Amen.

They all rise. GENTLE-FLOWER *motions to the Indians, they bring one of their fine*

The Great Trail

*rugs and spread it for MOTHER CHURCH.
They also place a seat for her.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Praise ye the Lord, for He hath heard the voice of your humble petitions.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Thanks be to God.

THE INDIANS. Thanks be to the Great Spirit.

MOTHER CHURCH seats herself, then holds out her arms to GENTLE-FLOWER, who runs and kneels at her feet.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so hath my soul longed after God. My tears have been my meat day and night. I said unto the God of my strength, why hast thou forgotten me?

MOTHER CHURCH. Ah, little one, the Lord is mindful of His own. Fear not, for they that go on their way weeping and bearing good seed, shall come again with joy, bringing their sheaves with them. The Lord turned thy captivity what time thou didst pray for thy friends, seeing thou didst not keep back his mercy and truth from the congregation, wherefore He hath put a new song into thy mouth, even a thanksgiving unto thy God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall put their trust in the Lord.

She lays her hand tenderly on the head of GENTLE-FLOWER, who then rises and takes her place with the others.

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MOTHER CHURCH. My little children, I come to you in the name of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He sent me to make you His disciples, to baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and to teach you to observe all things whatsoever He has commanded. I come to you in the sure confidence of a certain hope, because He has promised to be with me to the end of the world. Since then He so lovingly calls you, draw near with faith and let me show you how ye may walk worthy of this high calling, and day by day, and year by year follow in the footsteps of your Lord's most holy life. This is, indeed, the Great Trail which you have so earnestly desired, and which, by God's help, I will now show you.

They all sing.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down.
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come. **Amen.**

PART II

Same personæ as before, and

ANTIPHON (*Versicle and Response*).

ADVENT SUNDAY.

SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH SUNDAYS IN ADVENT.

EMBER DAYS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

CANDLEMAS.

EPIPHANY.

LIGHT BEARERS (*Sundays after Epiphany*).

SEPTUAGESIMA

SEXAGESIMA

QUINQUAGESIMA

} (*The Twilight Days*).

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

LENTEN SUNDAYS.

ANNUNCIATION.

TRANSFIGURATION.

PALM SUNDAY.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

GOOD FRIDAY.

EASTER EVEN.

EASTER DAY.

GREAT FORTY DAYS (*Sundays after Easter*).

THE ROGATION DAYS.

ASCENSION DAY.

EXPECTATION SUNDAY.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

THE SAINTS' DAYS.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

The Great Trail

SCENE AS BEFORE. MOTHER CHURCH *seated, the others grouped about her*; GENTLE-FLOWER and RED-WOLF *to right*, TOWERING-PINE, CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT and BRAVE-BEAR *to left*.

MOTHER CHURCH. Learn first, my children, that when God, your Saviour, took upon Him the substance of your flesh in the womb of a pure Virgin, He did so, first to present to God the offering of perfect human obedience, which man, by reason of his sin, had lost the power to do. And then, having taken upon Himself the sin of the whole world, to suffer death upon the Cross, thereby making a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for all human sin. Thus did He offer to God perfect righteousness by His obedience, and perfect penitence by His passion. But ye must make that obedience and penitence your own, else how shall his passion profit you. Ye yourselves must die unto sin and live unto God, but this can ye only do through Jesus Christ our Lord. He is the Way, the one and only Way, and therefore each and every year I call upon my children to follow in the footsteps of His most holy life. This is your Trail, the path that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. But, mark you, beloved, strait is the gate of entrance and narrow the way in which ye must walk. The path is sometimes rough and sometimes tangled and very steep.

TOWERING-PINE. By this we may know that it leadeth to the heights.

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MOTHER CHURCH. Aye, verily, even to the heavens where our Lord Jesus Christ hath ascended, and where ye may also ascend and continually dwell.

TOWERING-PINE. Show us but the opening of the trail, gracious guide, and I for one will tighten my moccasins and set forth.

MOTHER CHURCH. Well spoken, my son, and now may God stir up your wills, that plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, ye may be plenteously rewarded. Come hither, my Antiphon!

*Enter the ANTIPHON, dressed as Heralds.
They take their places, VERSICLE at the
extreme right of the stage in front, and
RESPONSE at the extreme left.*

VERSICLE. The night is far spent.

RESPONSE. The day is at hand.

VERSICLE. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness.

RESPONSE. And let us put on the armour of light.

VERSICLE. Come, and save us, O Lord of Hosts!

RESPONSE. Show the light of Thy countenance and we shall be whole.

Music. "O come, O come, Emmanuel" (plain song).

*Enter the FOUR SUNDAYS OF ADVENT.
ADVENT SUNDAY bears the banner with the*

The Great Trail

legend "He shall come again with glory!"

SECOND SUNDAY *bears on a velvet cushion a Bible.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Advent Sunday, proclaim thy message to these catechumens.

ADVENT SUNDAY. Behold your King cometh unto you, meek and lowly in heart. Receive Him now for your Redeemer, that ye may with sure confidence behold Him when He shall come to be your Judge.

MOTHER CHURCH and GENTLE-FLOWER. Even so come, Lord Jesus!

MOTHER CHURCH. Bible Sunday, what bearest thou with such tender reverence?

SECOND SUNDAY. Lady Mother, I bear with reverence and love thine own gift which thou hast prepared for thy children to be a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path.

MOTHER CHURCH. And what is thy charge to them concerning this gift?

SECOND SUNDAY. I charge them to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest these blessed Scriptures which thou hast been moved by the Holy Ghost to write for their learning, that so doing they may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life.

MOTHER CHURCH. Will you accept this lamp for your Trail?

THE INDIANS. Aye, verily.

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GENTLE-FLOWER. We will diligently search the Scriptures, because they are they which testify of our Lord.

THE INDIANS. We will do so faithfully.

SECOND SUNDAY. Only take heed that ye lean not to your own understanding, for there are some things hard to be understood which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction. Remember, therefore, that even as the Church was moved by the Holy Ghost to write these things for your great help and comfort, so by the same Spirit is she ever their true guardian and interpreter. Receive ye therefore with meekness the engrafted word, and the God of hope shall fill you with all joy and peace in believing.

MOTHER CHURCH. Third Sunday, what is thy message to my children?

THIRD SUNDAY. The Lord Jesus Christ, who at His first coming did send His messenger to prepare His way before Him, after He had made perfect our redemption by His death and was ascended into heaven, sent abroad into the world His Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Doctors and Pastors by whose ministry even to the present day He gathers into the Church those that are being saved. It is, therefore, your part and duty to pray for all those whom the Lord hath set over you in His Church, that He will give them abundant grace to fulfil their ministry in innocence of life and purity of doctrine.

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GENTLE-FLOWER. Ought we to pray for them every day, Third Sunday?

THIRD SUNDAY. Your Lord loves to receive your prayers for them every day, for their work is very near to His heart, but the Church has also set apart special days for this duty. See, they are coming now.

Enter the EMBER DAYS.

MOTHER CHURCH. Tell my children who ye are and what is your intent.

FIRST EMBER DAY. We are the Ember Days. We visit the children of the Church at the four seasons of the year. This is our winter visitation.

SECOND EMBER DAY. We call you to due and holy abstinence that your prayers being very earnest may find favour with God.

THIRD EMBER DAY. We bid you pray for those whom the Lord of the harvest has in training for His work, and especially we bid you pray for those to whom He has committed the care of your own souls.

MOTHER CHURCH (*to the Indians*). Will you give faithful diligence so to do?

RED-WOLF. We will pray for them from our very hearts.

MOTHER CHURCH. So shall ye add daily to my strength.

TOWERING-PINE. And we will remember whose authority they bear and obey their teachings.

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MOTHER CHURCH. So shall ye add daily to my power to help you. Fourth Sunday, deliver now thy message.

FOURTH SUNDAY. My message is especially to those who are sore let and hindered in running the race that is before them. Beloved, strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong and fear not, your God will come and save you. Therefore, rejoice in the Lord and again I say rejoice. The Lord is at hand, His bountiful grace and mercy will speedily help and deliver you. Only remember this, that when He comes again it will be as your Judge, therefore pray Him that He will help His servants whom He hath redeemed with His most precious blood.

THE INDIANS and GENTLE-FLOWER. In the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!

MOTHER CHURCH. Seeing that now ye have prepared your hearts to receive your Lord, let the Antiphon herald the Feast of the Nativity.

VERSICLE. O Wisdom which camest forth out of the mouth of the Most High,

RESPONSE. Come and teach us the way of prudence.

VERSICLE. O Adonâi, Lord of Lords,

RESPONSE. Come and redeem us with a stretched-out arm.

VERSICLE. O Root of Jesse,

RESPONSE. Come and deliver us and tarry not.

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VERSICLE. O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel,

RESPONSE. Come and bring forth him that is bound from the house of his prison.

VERSICLE. O Orient brightness of the Light Eternal,

RESPONSE. Come and lighten him that is in darkness and in the shadow of death.

VERSICLE. O Emmanuel, our King and Law-giver,

RESPONSE. Come and save us, O Lord our God.
Music—"O little town of Bethlehem."

Enter CHRISTMAS EVE.

GENTLE-FLOWER (*joyfully*). Welcome, sweet little one, Thou art Christmas, I know.

CHRISTMAS EVE. Not Christmas, only Christmas Eve. Surely thou hast not forgotten me, Gentle-flower?

GENTLE-FLOWER. Ah, no! How could I, when thou hast so often brought joy to my home. Thy starry eyes still have that look of wonder that I remember so well.

CHRISTMAS EVE (*dreamily*). I think it must be because I still see what I saw that evening at Bethlehem.

GENTLE-FLOWER. Oh, show it to these (*indicating the Indians*). They have never seen it before.

CHRISTMAS EVE. I see the shepherds abiding in

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the fields. They are kindling their fire, for it is cold. Now they glance toward Jerusalem as they speak of Herod's cruelty, but the oldest shepherd points to David's city and reminds the others that the Christ shall one day come and deliver them.

I see in the gloaming the white dusty road leading to Bethlehem. I see Mary leaning on Joseph's arm. Her sweet face is pale, she is so weary, the lily Maid, but she smiles when she sees the turrets of Bethlehem rising above the olive trees. She says to Joseph, "I think it will be to-night."

I follow them to the Inn at Bethlehem—ah! the pity of it!

CHRISTMAS EVE *hides her face in her hands.*

RED-WOLF to GENTLE-FLOWER. Oh, why does she do that?

CHRISTMAS EVE. The Inn is full of people. There is no room for Mary. There is no room for the Son of God.

RED-WOLF. Oh, how dreadful! We Indians would not treat Him so.

CHRISTMAS EVE. But Joseph leads her gently to the stable. It is quiet here and very clean. The hay smells so sweet, and see how the ox and ass look at them with their big, kindly eyes! Joseph makes a soft bed of the hay, and Blessed Mary lies down to rest. Now at her bidding Joseph unties the bundle he has been carrying all day on

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the end of his staff, and spreads out the swaddling clothes. (*She pauses, then looks in another direction.*) The shepherds are still seated around their fire, while their flocks brouse near them. Night has deepened, the shepherds watch in silence. They look, now at their sheep, now at the bright stars above them.

(*A short pause.*)

GENTLE-FLOWER (*breathlessly*). And then——?

CHRISTMAS EVE (*smiling*). Then Christmas came.

Music—"Silent Night."

Enter CHRISTMAS. Banner, "The Word was made flesh."

MOTHER CHURCH (*rising*). Welcome, glad birthday of hope. Our hearts hunger for thy sweet Evangel.

CHRISTMAS. Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Mary hath brought forth her first-born son, and ye shall find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.

MOTHER CHURCH. My children, is it not meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should give thanks unto God who gave His only begotten Son to be born as at this time for us, and that without spot of sin, to make us clean from all sin?

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ALL (*with one accord*). Glory be to thee, O Lord, Most High. Amen.

RED-WOLF (*aside to GENTLE-FLOWER, and speaking timidly*). Could I be made clean from all sin, Gentle-flower? Would that be possible?

GENTLE-FLOWER (*earnestly*). Verily and indeed you may, Red-wolf. Have patience but a little longer, and our dear Mother will come to your need.

MOTHER CHURCH. Summon me now the Feast of the Circumcision.

VERSICLE. Thou shalt call his name Jesus. Alleluia!

RESPONSE. For He shall save His people from their sins. Alleluia!

Music—"Jesus, name of wondrous love."

Enter the FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

Banner, "Every knee shall bow."

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus (*every one on the stage kneels*), which was so named of the Angel before he was conceived in the womb. (*They rise*). Neither is there salvation in any other name, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Therefore let every one that nameth the name of Jesus Christ depart from iniquity.

MOTHER CHURCH. Seeing then that God hath

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given Him a name which is above every name, let us with glowing hearts adore His Holy Name.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, Son of the Living God,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, King of Glory,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, Son of the Virgin Mary,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, our Good Shepherd,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, Friend of Sinners,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, the Joy of Angels,

ALL (*with one accord*). We adore Thee.

FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION. Jesu, Saviour of the world,

ALL (*with one acord*) sing.

Glory be to Jesus
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life blood
From His sacred veins!
Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

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*During the last lines of the hymn the
FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION withdraws,
and the FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF
SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN enters.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Who is this that cometh to us bearing turtle-doves in her arms?

CANDLEMAS. I am the happy day that saw the Son of God presented in the temple in substance of our flesh. I bear turtle-doves because they were the humble offering of the Virgin Mother. I bid you, all ye that love your Lord, to keep this day in honour of His dear Mother. "Try as ye may to honour her great name, ye can never approach within measurable distance of the honour God has placed upon her. Greet her, therefore, with reverent and loving hearts as the 'Blessed among women.' " *

MOTHER CHURCH. And still our path leads on from glory to glory. We come now to the Feast of Light.†

VERSICLE. And God said let there be light,

RESPONSE. And there was light.

Music—"From the Eastern Mountains."

*Enter, in procession, EPIPHANY, followed
by the other LIGHT BEARERS (SUNDAYS
AFTER EPIPHANY). They carry lighted*

* Holden ("The Holy Ghost, the Comforter").

† In the early Church the name for Epiphany.

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*lanterns and a banner with the legend,
"Light of Lights."*

MOTHER CHURCH. Hail, Epiphany! Make manifest to us, I pray thee, the joys and mysteries of our salvation.

EPIPHANY. We are but broken lights from the splendour of Him who is the Light of the World. Yet we have each our own pure ray. We have seen His star in the East. Lo! it stood over the place where the young child was.

THE LIGHT BEARERS. When we saw the star we rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

EPIPHANY. We saw Gentiles come to His light and kings to the brightness of His rising.

THE LIGHT BEARERS (*sing*).

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

FIRST LIGHT BEARER. We saw the Holy Child subject to Joseph and Mary in the sweet home at Nazareth. We saw Him in the temple learning to be about His Father's business. Of Christian children He is indeed the pure and radiant light.

THE OTHER LIGHT BEARERS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

SECOND LIGHT BEARER. We have seen Jesus, the welcome guest at the marriage in Cana of

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Galilee. Of Christian marriage He is indeed the pure and radiant light.

THE OTHER LIGHT BEARERS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

THIRD LIGHT BEARER. We have seen Jesus as He went about doing good, how He touched the leper, saying, "I will, be thou clean." How he spoke the word only and the servant of the good Centurion was healed. In sickness and bereavement, and in the bitter pains of penitence He is indeed our pure and radiant light.

THE OTHER LIGHT BEARERS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

FOURTH LIGHT BEARER. In earlier days Holy Church taught her children to keep Epiphany, the Day of Light, in memory of our Lord's baptism when He was manifested to the world by the voice that came from heaven, saying, "Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove showed Him to those that stood by.

THE OTHER LIGHT BEARERS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

FIFTH LIGHT BEARER. In these days Holy

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Church warns her children to remember those who still dwell in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to beware that they hide not their own light under a bushel.

THE OTHER LIGHT BEARERS.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, we beseech Thee;
Day-spring from on high, dispel Thou our night.

EPIPHANY.

Souls of men! once wrapped in shadow,
Sunk in dark, chaotic night,
Over you the spirit brooded,
Till God said "Let there be light."

Then upon your primal darkness
Rose the sun of Love Divine,
Scattered mists of sin and sorrow,
Bade you, too, arise and shine.

Shine, then—but with light reflected
From the glorious central Sun.
Shine into the world's dark corners,
Shine out, Christians, every one.

Let your light so shine, my children,
That all men your works may see,
And may glorify your Father
Unto whom all glory be.*

The LIGHT BEARERS withdraw.

* From the "Rainbow Hymn." Elizabeth M. Jefferys.

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MOTHER CHURCH. Ye have travelled through joyful days, my children, since the *Gloria in Excelsis* broke upon Advent's warning voice, and our holy way has been full of light and peace and exceeding sweetness, but now our Trail leaves the sunlight, and descending through the Valley of Humiliation, passes out into a vast and sombre desert. Thither our Lord was led by the Spirit after He was baptized in the river Jordan. Are ye willing now to follow Him into the Wilderness?

TOWERING-PINE (*thoughtfully*). I would not leave the trail because it was rocky, or lonely or even dark, but, great Mother, before I plunge from dazzling sunlight into a place of heavy shadows, I like to pause until my eyes have grown accustomed to the change.

MOTHER CHURCH. For that I commend thy wisdom, and even so would I lead you slowly and by degrees into the shadows of Lent. (*To the ANTIPHON.*) Summon me now my Twilight Days.

VERSICLE. Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers,

RESPONSE. And shut thy doors about thee.

VERSICLE. Let us go three days' journey into the wilderness,

RESPONSE. That we may sacrifice unto the Lord our God.

Soft Music—"Allelulia, song of gladness."

Enter the TWILIGHT DAYS, robed in soft grey.

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MOTHER CHURCH. Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima, what ministry have I committed into your hands?

SEPTUAGESIMA. To draw thy children apart from the world, from its mirth and noise and from its sordid cares.

SEXAGESIMA. To help thy children make wise and careful plans for their great Retreat.

QUINQUAGESIMA. To purge them from the least thought of envy, hatred and malice, and to pour into their hearts that most excellent gift of charity, that their fasting may be without pride or complacency and that their penitence may be transfused into love.

MOTHER CHURCH. My children, see that ye make good use of these quiet Twilight Days, and above all hearken to what Love Sunday shall teach you, that ye may enter into Lent having fervent charity among yourselves.

TOWERING-PINE. With due care and reverence will we observe their teaching.

MOTHER CHURCH. Summon me, Ash-Wednesday.

VERSICLE. Behold now is the accepted time.

RESPONSE. Behold, now is the day of salvation.

VERSICLE: Turn Thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul.

RESPONSE. O save me for Thy mercy's sake.

Music—"Forty days and forty nights."

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Enter ASH-WEDNESDAY *in the garments of penitence, followed by the* FIVE WEEKS OF LENT.

MOTHER CHURCH. Ash-Wednesday, thou who sparest none that thou mayst help all, what is thy message to my faithful children?

ASH-WEDNESDAY. My message to the faithful is that they humble themselves before God, remembering their past sins, and that calling to mind the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet," they examine their lives and conversations by the rule of God's commandments and whereinsoever they shall have perceived themselves to have offended either by will, word or deed, there to bewail their own sinfulness and to confess themselves to Almighty God with full purpose of amendment of life.

MOTHER CHURCH. And what is thy mission to those who have fallen from their first love and have become lukewarm, and to those who have once known God and have returned to their sins?

ASH-WEDNESDAY. To deliver to them this message from God:—Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings, I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you, for I am merciful, saith the Lord, only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.

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MOTHER CHURCH. Hast thou a message to those who are still bound with the chain of their sins?

ASH-WEDNESDAY. Aye, verily, a message from the very heart of God's love. If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins, for Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and him that cometh to Jesus, He will in no wise cast out.

RED-WOLF *runs forward.*

RED-WOLF. Then would I come to Him, Ash-Wednesday, for I have sinned and the burden is intolerable.

ASH-WEDNESDAY. Hast thou confessed thy sin to God?

RED-WOLF. Alas, I do not know how.

ASH-WEDNESDAY. Then go to thy Mother, and open to her thy grief. (*Points to MOTHER CHURCH.*)

RED-WOLF *goes to her and kneels at her feet.*

RED-WOLF. Help me, my Mother, for I cannot help myself.

MOTHER CHURCH. How hast thou sinned, my child?

RED-WOLF. I cheated that I might win the race. I was afraid that Brave-bear might out-run me. I could not endure the thought, so the night before

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the race, when all were asleep, I crept out to the course and fastened across it the tough root of a tree. When we came to it in running, I leapt over it, but he caught his foot and fell.

BRAVE-BEAR. You false coward!

MOTHER CHURCH. Hush, Brave-bear, he is speaking to me. Is that all, Red-wolf?

RED-WOLF. I accepted the prize, which was a beautiful pony, and I accepted the name of honour, First-in-the-race, with its privileges in the Tribe.

BRAVE-BEAR. But you did not enjoy either, you cur.

MOTHER CHURCH. Thou must henceforth be very watchful against pride, my child, and thou must ask forgiveness of Brave-bear for the wrong thou hast done him. Moreover, thou must give up both the prize thou hast won by fraud and the name of honour.

RED-WOLF. All this will I do, my Mother.

MOTHER CHURCH (*rises and lays her hand on his head*). If we confess our sins God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, therefore, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

*The burden falls from RED-WOLF'S back.
He rises.*

RED-WOLF (*joyfully*). Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His Holy

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Name. Who forgiveth all thy sin and healeth all thine infirmity.

He runs off the stage and returns with his saddle and bridle, then going to TOWERING-PINE, and taking the eagle's feather from his head, he gives it to TOWERING-PINE.

RED-WOLF. My Father, I return to you as head of our Tribe the eagle's feather I won by so shameful a trick, and with it I lay aside the name of honour. And I restore the saddle and bridle of the pony which never should have been mine. It is tethered down by the river.

TOWERING-PINE. There is more than one kind of courage my son, and the courage that you have shown today is not unworthy of an Indian boy.

RED-WOLF *goes to* BRAVE-BEAR.

RED-WOLF. Can you forgive me, Brave-bear?

BRAVE-BEAR. Never.

RED-WOLF. I do entreat you.

BRAVE-BEAR. You have been a rattlesnake to me. I will be a hornet to you.

RED-WOLF. I deserve your anger but, Brave-bear, I do so long for your forgiveness.

BRAVE-BEAR *shakes his head and turns away.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Ash-Wednesday, I commend to thy ministry this poor child who is minded to be a hornet. (*Looking around on the Indians.*) Are there no others who are grieved and wearied with the burden of their sins?

TOWERING-PINE (*thoughtfully*). Great Mother,
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I have no burden. I have always tried to do what is right.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT. I have only one sorrow, I weep for my children. Nothing else matters to me. I have no other burden.

MOTHER CHURCH. Ash-Wednesday, hast thou a word for these?

ASH-WEDNESDAY. If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. It is when we come to the light that our deeds are reproved, therefore I counsel thee, Towering-pine, to draw near to the fountain of light and to pray, Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart, prove me and examine my thoughts, look well if there be any way of wickedness in me. (*To CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT.*) As for thee, sorrowing one, thou art in safe keeping and shalt yet say, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble that I may learn thy statutes."

MOTHER CHURCH. Let the Days of Lent now deliver their message.

FIRST SUNDAY. Behold your Lord who for your sakes did fast forty days and forty nights. With how great care should ye be faithful to use such abstinence that your flesh may be subdued to your spirit, for to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.

SECOND SUNDAY. Behold your Lord tempted of Satan, tempted in all points like as ye are, but without sin. Learn therefore of Him how to re-

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sist the Devil that he may flee from you. Gird you as He did with the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.

THIRD SUNDAY. But the Christian life is not only a struggle with sin, ye must bring forth the fruits of the Spirit and walk as children of light, proving what is acceptable to God.

FOURTH SUNDAY. No one can keep a perfect Lent unless he also remembers the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Therefore if thou hast much give plenteously, if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little. Ye shall not appear before the Lord empty.

FIFTH SUNDAY. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things, so shall ye keep a holy Lent and advance in the way of life.

ASH-WEDNESDAY and LENT *withdraw into the background.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Before the shadows deepen I will refresh you by letting you see two sweet and happy days. Summon me the Day when lilies blow.

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VERSICLE. Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son. Alleluia!

RESPONSE. And shall call his name Immanuel. Alleluia!

Music—"Ave Maria," Gounod.

Enter the ANNUNCIATION.

THE ANNUNCIATION. The Angel said unto Mary: "Hail, thou that are highly favored, Blessed art thou among women." And Mary said, "Behold the hand-maid of the Lord." And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory. Now, therefore, dear pilgrims to Calvary, may God grant you that as ye have known the Incarnation of His Son Jesus Christ by the message of an Angel, so by His cross and passion ye may be brought into the glory of His resurrection.

ALL WITH ONE ACCORD. By the mystery of Thy holy incarnation, good Lord, deliver us.

The ANNUNCIATION withdraws.

VERSICLE. And we beheld His glory. Alleluia!

RESPONSE. The glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Alleluia!

Music—"Jerusalem the Golden."

Enter the TRANSFIGURATION.

MOTHER CHURCH. Sweet Feast of the Transfiguration, I have called thee from the sunny fields of August, that thou mightest tell us at this time what happened on the Holy Mount before our

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Lord set His face to go to Jerusalem, that He might there by His cross and precious blood redeem the world.

TRANSFIGURATION. Know then, dear pilgrims to Calvary, that after the Apostles through the mouth of Peter had confessed Jesus as the Christ, the Son of the Living God, the Lord took with Him Peter, James and John that they might be eye witnesses for us of His majesty. And He was transfigured before them in raiment white and glistening. Therefore, little flock, let not your hearts be troubled, for though in the world ye shall have tribulation, yet be of good cheer, your Lord hath overcome the world, and will surely deliver you from its disquietude, if only ye abide in Him.

TRANSFIGURATION *withdraws*.

MOTHER CHURCH. With this sweet promise in our hearts, let us now press on to the foot of the Cross.

VERSICLES. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

RESPONSE. Hosanna to the Son of David. Hosanna in the highest.

Music—"Ride on, ride on, in majesty."

Enter PALM SUNDAY.

MOTHER CHURCH. Palm Sunday, we await thy message with love too deep for words.

PALM SUNDAY. Yes, but ye love God because

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He first loved you, and in His tender love did send His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh and to suffer death upon the Cross. See, then, that abandoning every other thought and desire, ye do this Holy Week follow in the footsteps of His humility that when Easter comes to you, ye may indeed be partakers of His resurrection life. (*She pauses a moment then adds with deep earnestness:*) Behold your King cometh to you, meek and lowly, and sitting upon an ass and a colt the foal of an ass.

PALM SUNDAY *withdraws.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Let Maundy Thursday now come to us.

VERSICLE. Thou didst give them Bread from heaven.

RESPONSE. Having in Itself every delight.

VERSICLE. O taste and see how gracious ~~the~~ Lord is.

RESPONSE. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Music—"O Saving Victim."

Enter MAUNDY THURSDAY. She is dressed in pure white and bears a chalice from which light streams.

MOTHER CHURCH. O Sacred Day whereon Christ left us a Memorial of His Passion and a pledge of eternal Glory, teach now my children to venerate the sacred mysteries of His Body and Blood.

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MAUNDY THURSDAY. In the night in which your Saviour was betrayed he took Bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, saying, Take, eat, this is my Body, which is given for you; Do this in remembrance of me. Likewise, after supper, he took the Cup; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is my Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins; Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of me.

All join with her in singing.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow. Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY *steps aside.*

MOTHER CHURCH. Behold now the day on which was wrought our salvation.

*She rises and removes her crown, the
ANTIPHON brings her a black veil which
she puts over her head.*

VERSICLE. Lord, have mercy!

RESPONSE. Christ, have mercy!

Music—"O come and mourn with me awhile."

Every one kneels.

Enter GOOD FRIDAY, swathed in black.

*She carries a veiled cross. A banner is
borne before her, "Jesu, Mercy!"*

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

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THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. He saith unto His Mother, "Woman, behold thy son." Then saith He to the disciple, "Behold thy Mother."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "I thirst."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "It is finished."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

GOOD FRIDAY. Jesus said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

MOTHER CHURCH. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.

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THE OTHERS. Because by Thy Cross and precious Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

They all rise.

GOOD FRIDAY. There is a special blessing for all who kneel before the Cross on Good Friday.

RED-WOLF *presses forward eagerly and kneels at her feet.* GOOD FRIDAY *lays her hand on his head.*

GOOD FRIDAY. Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven and whose sin is covered.

RED-WOLF *rises and returns to his place.*
GENTLE-FLOWER *comes forward and kneels.* GOOD FRIDAY *lays her hand on GENTLE-FLOWER'S head.*

GOOD FRIDAY. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

GENTLE-FLOWER *returns to her place and*
CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT *comes forward and kneels.*

GOOD FRIDAY. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

UNCHEEDA *returns to her place and*
TOWERING-PINE *comes forward and kneels.*

TOWERING-PINE. My sins have taken such hold upon me that I am not able to look up, but I humbly crave thy blessing.

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GOOD FRIDAY. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

TOWERING-PINE *returns to his place.*

BRAVE-BEAR *goes to RED-WOLF.*

BRAVE-BEAR. Red-wolf, I forgive thee from my very heart, and I entreat thy forgiveness for my wicked hardness to thee.

They embrace. BRAVE-BEAR *kneels before*
GOOD FRIDAY.

GOOD FRIDAY. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

BRAVE-BEAR *returns to his place.*

ALL (*with one accord sing*) :

O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified. Amen.

GOOD FRIDAY *withdraws.*

VERSICLE. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

RESPONSE. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours.

Music—"O Paradise."

Enter EASTER EVEN.

EASTER EVEN. Sweet is the calm of Paradise, the blest, for so giveth He His beloved sleep. Fear

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ye not to enter through the grave and gate of death, for your Saviour Christ descended into the place of departed spirits, and by His merits Who died and was buried shall ye also thus pass to your joyful resurrection.

MOTHER CHURCH. I heard a voice from Heaven saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

ALL (*with one accord*). And let perpetual light shine upon them.

EASTER EVEN *withdraws*.

MOTHER CHURCH *replaces her diadem*.

Music—The three Alleluias from “The strife is o’er.”

MOTHER CHURCH. He liveth unto God. Alleluia!

VERSICLE. Open me the gates of righteousness. Alleluia!

RESPONSE. That I may go in unto them and give thanks unto the Lord. Alleluia!

Music—“The strife is o’er.”

Enter, in procession, EASTER, followed by the GREAT FORTY DAYS.

(These are represented by the SIX SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER who carry baskets of flowers which they strew about them. Easter Day carries a banner “Alleluia.”)

EASTER DAY. The Lord is risen!

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ALL (*with one accord*). He is risen, indeed. Alleluia!

EASTER DAY. Christ is risen from the dead and bears in His pierced hands the keys of death and hell. Lift up your eyes, look and see Him standing on the everlasting shores of peace! (*She points as she says this and they all look up.*)

MOTHER CHURCH. O death, where is now thy sting!

THE OTHERS. O grave, where is thy victory!

EASTER DAY. Let us praise Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Jesu, our Paschal Lamb,

THE OTHERS. We adore thee.

EASTER DAY. Jesu, the first fruits of them that slept, over whom death hath no more dominion.

THE OTHERS. We adore thee.

EASTER DAY. Jesu, who broughtest life and immortality to light.

THE OTHERS. We adore thee.

EASTER DAY. Jesu, Who by Thy death hast destroyed death, and by Thy rising to life again hast restored to us everlasting life.

THE OTHERS. We adore Thee.

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT, *who has been listening with eagerness, now steps out from the others.*

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT (*to* EASTER DAY). Tell me, Thou blessed one—do not deceive me, tell me the very truth, do the dead live again?

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EASTER DAY. As God liveth, they *do*. Hear the words of thine own dear Lord, spoken, sad heart, to thee, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

CRYING-IN-THE-NIGHT *falls on her knees, and buries her face in her hands, weeping in her passionate joy.*

MOTHER CHURCH (*comes forward and speaks to the audience*). Is this nothing to you? Ye have seen her sorrow under the malignant tyranny of death, ye see her joy in the sweet comfort of the Easter message. Is this nothing to you? In your bereavements how tenderly are ye enfolded in the arms of the Church, how strong and sweet are the words she whispers to your stricken hearts. The blessed evangel of the Resurrection is yours, to keep for yourselves or to give to the suffering pagan world. I ask you, my children, in the name of your risen Lord, in the name of your blessed dead who are alive in Him, WHICH will ye do?

THE GREAT FORTY DAYS, *assisted by the others, sing:*

O Easter Day, O Easter Day,
To hearts bereaved how dear!
Thy joyful lays to Jesus' praise
Bring Paradise so near.
Our blessed dead are there
And we are on our way,
Rejoice, Rejoice, Rejoice,
The Lord is risen to-day! Amen.

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EASTER *and* THE GREAT FORTY DAYS
withdraw.)

VERSICLE. O Thou that hearest prayer.

RESPONSE. Unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Music—"Saviour when in dust to Thee."

Enter the ROGATION DAYS. Banner,
"Pray without ceasing."

MOTHER CHURCH. Who are these that come to us so gravely as the Great Forty Days take their flight?

FIRST ROGATION DAY. We are the Rogation Days.

SECOND ROGATION DAY. We bid you in the sweet spring-time pray to the Father of Heaven for His blessings on the crops.

THIRD ROGATION DAY. We bid you purify again your hearts and make them ready for the Holy Feasts of Ascension and Pentecost.

FIRST ROGATION DAY. May the Lord Almighty mercifully receive your devotion, and bestow upon you the gifts of His blessing. Amen.

SECOND ROGATION DAY. May He forgive you all the evils you have done and grant you His pardon. Amen.

THIRD ROGATION DAY. May He so accept your fasting and prayers as to turn away from you all the evils you deserve, and may He pour down upon you the gift of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*

* From "The Treasury" (Slightly modified)

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The ROGATION DAYS withdraw.

VERSICLE. God is gone up with a merry noise and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

RESPONSE. Halleluia!

VERSICLE. O sing praises, sing praises unto our God.

RESPONSE. O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.

Music—"Lift up your Heads." Handel.

Enter ASCENSION DAY. Banner "Whose Kingdom shall have no end."

ASCENSION DAY. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

MOTHER CHURCH. Who is the King of Glory?

ASCENSION DAY. It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

MOTHER CHURCH. Who is the King of Glory?

ASCENSION DAY. Even the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

MOTHER CHURCH. Is it not meet, right and our bounden duty that we should give thanks unto our Lord Who ascended into Heaven to prepare a place for us that where He is, thither we might also ascend and reign with Him in Glory?

ALL (*with one accord.*) Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high!

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ASCENSION DAY *withdraws*.

VERSICLE. I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter which is the Holy Ghost.

RESPONSE. Thanks be to God!

Music—"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove."

Enter EXPECTATION SUNDAY.

MOTHER CHURCH. Expectation Sunday, what hast thou to say to the faithful?

EXPECTATION SUNDAY. I bid all faithful hearts to join their prayers during this week of waiting, to those of our Ascended Lord, that God will not leave us comfortless, but that He will send to us the Holy Ghost, to comfort us and to exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before. Ask and ye shall receive, for your heavenly Father will never fail to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.

EXPECTATION SUNDAY *withdraws into the background*.

VERSICLE. When thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made. Alleluia!

RESPONSE. And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth. Alleluia!

Music—"Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed."

Enter WHIT-SUNDAY. Banner, "Behold I send the promise of My Father upon you."

MOTHER CHURCH. I welcome thee, glad Day of

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my birth. I entreat thee to tell my children how with the Breath of God I came into being.

WHIT-SUNDAY. When, in the fulness of time, I came to where the disciples were gathered together in that sacred upper room, suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Thus was fulfilled the promise of Him who is the Head over all things to the Church. And, having tarried in Jerusalem until she was endued with power from on high, the Church was not disobedient unto her Lord's command, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations.

MOTHER CHURCH. Yea, I have obeyed His commands, but, alas, there is still so much to do! Did He not say, "Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." I am sore let and hindered by the cold selfishness and deadly indifference of many who profess and call themselves Christians. Oh, my children, can ye not see that your Lord is only waiting for you to catch fire from the Whit-Sunday flame, that you may have the joy of helping Him to bring in that day to which all creation moves, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

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Very soft music—"Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand."

But hark,—I hear the Saints' Days drawing near. They come I ween to meet Trinity Sunday, that they may join with us in praising God. Aye, and their coming comforts me with sweet memories of my brave and faithful children who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The music grows louder.

Enter, in procession, the HOLY DAYS.

Banners: "The Glorious Company of the Apostles." "The Noble Army of Martyrs." "All Angels." "All Saints."

They take their position in a semi-circle.

Enter TRINITY SUNDAY and takes her place in the center. Banner, "Holy, Holy, Holy."

TRINITY SUNDAY. The Catholick Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity;

Neither confounding the persons: nor dividing the substance.

For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son and another of the Holy Ghost.

But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one. The Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

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ALL (*with one accord*). As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY *steps back*. MOTHER CHURCH *takes the centre*. *The Indians and GENTLE-FLOWER around her, outside of these all the others.*

All sing—"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise!"

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